



Preparing to descend into "Hellhole," in which he recently founded a new discovery, Lt. Bruce Smith checks out his equipment.

The Wonderful World of Smith

see page 3

Christmas Euphoria blankets Augusta

Paul Cartwright

It's Christmas time at Augusta. This is a fact that can be proven without looking at a calendar. You don't think so? Go look at the barracks; blinking lights bombard your eyes, some have a message, while others just want to be noticed. Pictures of Santa Claus smile down upon you.

At a time when the general attitude towards Christmas is "I wonder what I'll get from..."; the atmosphere at AMA is simple euphoria. Unlike graduation, where the atmosphere is more sad than joyous because the seniors will never see some of their friends again unless they travel across the

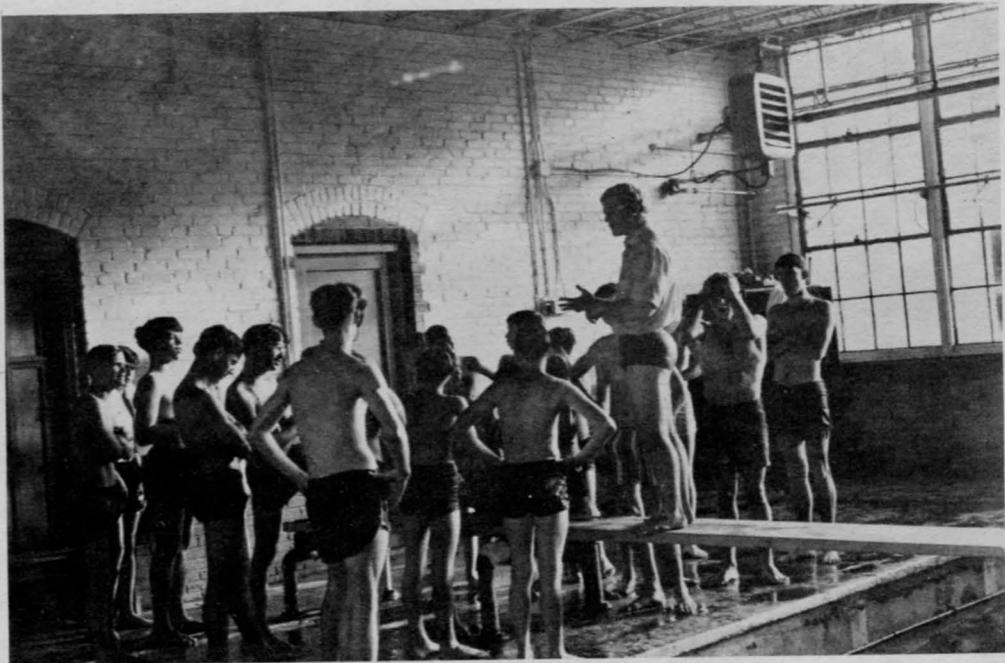
country (or in some cases several countries); the atmosphere is charged with excitement and good cheer. All the cadets are excited about the eighteen days of Rest and Recuperation that the school has allotted them. Some cadets will be getting jobs during the vacation to pay the price for our "commercialized Christmas."

Unfortunately, some cadets will have to spend this Christmas thousands of miles from homes, parents and loved ones. Thanks to the generosity of some of their friends (and their friends parents), some of these cadets will spend their vacations at home, not theirs, but a home.

*the bayonet staff
wishes you a merry Christmas...**

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Listening attentively, members of AMA's swim team receive instruction.

For the first time in a good many years, Augusta has a swimming team which should last out at least one season, if not far more. This is due to Lt. Bruce Smith, who seems to, "make people want to do things," and keeps them interested.

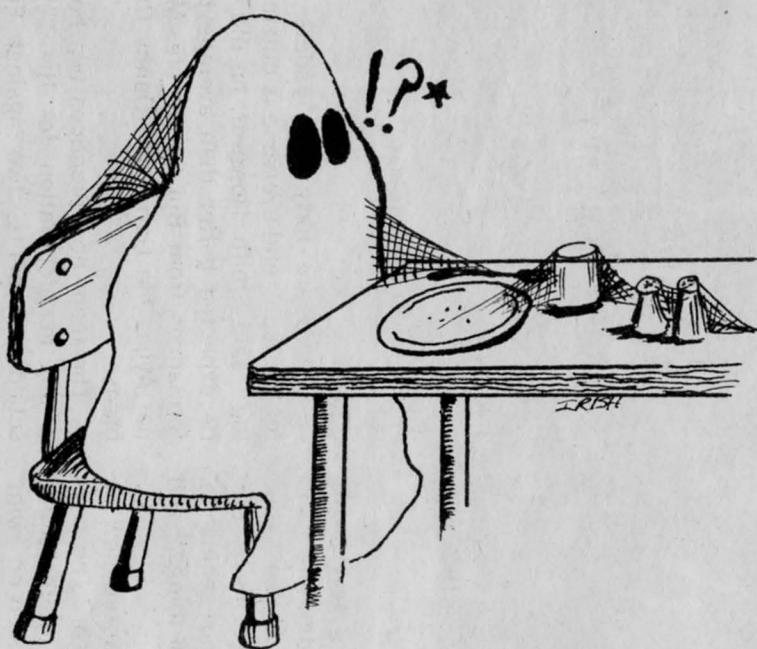
"Coach" Smith was asked how he acquired the job of coach. "The boys expressed a desire and interest for a swimming team. I have been on swimming teams since seventh grade, so I offered my services to the school since they needed a coach for the swimming

team."

"There are forty-some cadets out for the team, and everyone is outstanding," said Smith. However, he did say he expected better than average performances from Bill Creekmore, Manual Ayua, Joe Garry, and Danny Calebrese.

The team now practices two hours a day in preparation for the seven scheduled meets, two against Fishburne Military Academy, two against Staunton Military Academy, and the championship, in Richmond.

"unsatisfied"



Stomach remembers happier days

Rick Schulherr

Food is of the utmost importance to those who wish to live. I mention this for the benefit of Major Evans, the new director of the mess hall, who may not have been informed of this fact.

At the beginning of the year, the cadet corps was promised that the food would improve once the "old" stock of food was gone. I dare not say that the food has not improved, for that would be a lie. In my experience with institutional food, our mess hall far exceeds other schools. However, quality is not what I object to. The

trouble is the quantity.

Last year, there was always enough food to eat, though it may have been of a lesser quality than we now enjoy. However, I would prefer three platefuls of stew to one veal cutlet. The mouth will quickly forget the taste of the meal, but the stomach will long remember the rationing of it.

I'm sure that men of Major Evans and Major Peduto's caliber could find a happy medium. I may not know of all the problems of the mess hall, but I do know hunger.

The cadets and Col. Hoover took action. They traveled to West Va., carrying tapes with messages from Ronnie's friends and music played by the Band. The "Col." took three cadets along on each trip. They started their own therapy.

Now, Ronnie has partial muscular control. He talks faintly and his head moves a little. He smiles and is gaining weight.

Ronnie Shobe is the personification of AMA's motto, "Ad Astra per Aspera;" "To the Stars with Difficulty."

They said it couldn't be done

Doctors doubted he would live long. A catonic; no chance of even partial recovery. The motorcycle accident during the summer should have killed him. It might have been better if it had.

Ronnie wasn't like that. Neither was Col. Paul V. Hoover and the old cadets of Band Company, who knew Ronnie when he was in the Band last year.



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Editor's Note:

The food is bad, the food is good; who can say? Following are two editorials representing the two prevailing view points of the corps.

BAYONET invites response from the mess hall staff, Major Evans, and cadet waiters, hoping to bring you, cadet, teacher, or parent both sides of the question.

I feel the Mess Hall has had time to prove itself and the time for evaluation is now at hand.

Apathy may be a common disease at A.M.A., but hopefully the BAYONET will become a source for the readers comments and opinions.



"satisfied"

Mess Hall Assembly of Awards

by Wayne Vincent

Giving credit where credit is due is not a national pastime with those that attend Augusta Military Academy, but I think it's high time we recognize a most achieved kitchen staff and applaud them for mighty deeds and efforts.

For a start, let us bestow words of praise and understanding for Maj. Evans rather than ones which would be struck by the lightning in his thunder and upset him a great deal. We salute you, Maj. Evans, for the fine job you and Baltimore's caterers are doing. (*Was that real spaghetti?*)

Now don't you worry, I haven't forgotten the man who has given a little

spice to away parades for the Roller Rifles and Band with the everlasting "Peduto Special" (**we loved them, honest**) and those finger-lickin-good" Sunday lunches. Here's to our own Maj. Peduto, "Capt" to everybody who knew and respected him.

Now for the conclusion of the awards assembly, for whom all this would be possible, (**center stage left**) the cooks. Yes, yes my friend, they are those lilly white occupants in the back of the dining hall that slave over a hot stove for 8 hrs. a day.

If this editorial seemed a bit sardonic to you, then ignore it! No really, in all this silliness I find a ray, and escape, let's all say THANK YOU!

FEEDBACK

Dear Editor,

In the last edition of the Bayonet I was very impressed with the article pertaining to the mandatory church services. As founder and leader of Jesus Christ and Company, I try to set the example of a Christian. Yet it is hard for me to go to a church on Sunday and try to worship God through a religion which I do not believe in. I find it unfair to the cadet when he is being used for the integrity of the school. Is the school really concerned about the future of the cadet's religious beliefs or is it concerned with making a good impression on the local people of the area?

I find it hard to accept the reason for mandatory church services because, "Here at Augusta we're concerned with the cadet following in the footsteps of his fellowship in God." Common sense would tell an individual that anything which is forced upon a person is naturally rejected.

Here's where a great number of cadets find time to catch up on their rest and also pitch in their money, (mostly pennies), from their left-over allowance into the collection plate. How can one worship God in his sleep or in a state of boredom? I've always read in the Bible that putting money in the collection plate is a sacrifice or a debt to God, not to see how funny it is to see how empty the plate may be.

When I asked a member of the

school's administration why it was necessary to have mandatory church services, I was answered with, "because it's a school policy."

I never received any explanation or reason why it is a school policy. Don't we at least deserve an explanation?

I'm not trying to tear down AMA, but what I am trying to do is what's best for everyone's fellowship with God. I don't believe anyone should be made to worship God if only "because it's a school policy."

What I'm asking is this: isn't there anything the school could do about its policy on mandatory church services? Possibly a cadet wouldn't be forced to go to church if he had written permission from his guardian.

At least we would have less sleeping during church. I believe that the high integrity of Augusta which has been built up by the cadet corps would then shine even brighter.

The cadets of Augusta are hungry for the truth, this I know because of the turn-outs at the meetings of Jesus Christ and Company.

I'd like to end with this one question:

Does one find the truth when he is hot and bored of having the truth forced at him, or does he find it by being hungry and searching for it?

Praise God
Herb Maher

The Wonderful World of Smith

by Rick Schulherr

Averaging 250 hours a year in caves means a lot. For Bruce Smith, it means cave exploring is his "thing", with a little mountain climbing on the side.

Smith has been exploring caves for twelve years, since he joined the Explorer Scouts in the seventh grade. Though "transplanted" from his native West Virginia, he still finds time on weekends and occasionally during the week nights to travel back to the caverns of his home state.

"Smitty" usually explores for, "the challenge... it's called sport caving, but I don't like that name. I guess to enjoy the esthetic values, the beauty of a cave, and to see if you can endure it." However, he does work on biological surveys, checking out the bat population and the habits of the animals; geographical surveys about which he says he must "go through the cave and know every inch of it before I even start to survey". Smith also works on evolutionary surveys, going back to the same cave every year to note changes, trying to find out how the cave was formed.

Smith's "baby" as he calls it, is a cave in West Virginia called Hellhole, in which nothing had been discovered for nearly thirty years. About two years ago a new section was discovered, and while exploring this, AMA's little blonde explorer discovered another section several miles long, which he explains simply with "there was just a big hole in the floor, how could you miss it?" Since 1968 he has made well over 50 trips to Hellhole, a total of about 250 hours.

The little blonde explorer also writes stories for various magazines on caving, and draws maps of caves he explores.

In addition to cave exploring, Lt. Smith teaches physics, CEEB, Geometry, Algebra, and Trigonometry at Augusta. His teaching methods are nothing

less than awakening.

"I arrived at four o'clock this morning and only got three hours of sleep. There is no excuse for you to sleep in my class!" Thus down Hoover Hall echo the words of Lt. Bruce Smith, AMA's new math teacher, standing 8'6" on top of a 3' desk.

Certainly not Augusta's tallest teacher, but not a part of the status quo for other reasons. He's the only one who travels 200 miles each Tuesday for a Ruritan Club meeting and back again on Wednesday nights for choir practice. Few teachers advise explorer posts which specialize in cave exploration, and Lt. Smith is the only teacher thus far to yell as often or as loud as Col. Hoover.

Lt. Smith is modest about some of his activities, preferring to evade the issue or tell the whole story as in the following when questioned about his musical and gymnastical abilities.

"When I was very young I used to beat on my mother's knuckles with spoons and knives at the dinner table. My drumming started then and



too. Does that explain it?"

Lt. Smith's opinion of the school is explosive.

"It's a terrific school, it offers the student a terrific opportunity in academics, it caters to the student. I don't know of any school in the country that has the low student/teacher ratio like Augusta has, more individual attention, or more hours devoted to education and scholarly efforts. I don't know any other institution where more people get along better in one closely knit group better than Augusta. I don't know one other school system where the faculty gets along better, and I don't know one other school system where the kids get along better.

"The spirit is fantastic, the ideas, the initiative, and the overall atmosphere is conducive to not only growing socially, but educationally, and physically."

"Do you think you'll be here a few years?"

"Hope so!"



Lt. Smith's emotions range from one extreme to the other during the course of a single day.

Record Review

J. Geils' Band

by Wayne Vincent

J. Geils Band is one of my favorite performing groups. Not only do they play a very tight and tough mixture of blues and rock, but they know the get-it-on value of giving folks a show. Not your sequined theatrical of miscellaneous gendor but instead slippin' sliddin', raunchy madman jive which makes watching as good as listening.

Chicago blues would best describe the style of their sound, but J. Geils Band is not a pretentious blues revival group; they'd rather stimulate your groin than your intellect. Their two previous albums showed a hard-core blues band metamorphosing into a

good-time rock band with deep roots in the sound they were breast-fed on.

Full-House consists entirely of tracks which appeared on the first two, but here they're full of the fire-breathing frenzy which the group puts into all their shows, without sacrificing any music.

Besides being a straight-ahead rocker, the album could also serve as a model for set structuring. It opens with a full-blast attention getter, "First, I Look at the Purse," with everybody getting it on with their licks, then moves right into Otis Rush's "Homework." A short breather, then into

"Pack Fair and Square," another stomper. Solo time: Harp player Magic Dick scores on the instrumental "Wammer Jammer" proving he's one of the best harpmen today. ("Blow you face out!" singer Wolf says, and he does.) "Hard Driving Man" gives Sith Justman a chance to work out on the piano, and his time spent listening to Jerry Lee Lewis 45's showed here.

Time to get down to it-side two opens with the band working out on John Lee Hooker's "Serves You Right to Suffer." It starts very much in the style of the Hook, then it's pay your dues time as Wolk says "gonna do it

Chicago style." Magic Dick and J. Geils trade some harp-guitar riffs from the best Muddy Waters days, then back to now as J. Geils gets his axe feedback screaming.

The tempo gets kicked back up with "Cruising for a Love" and the side closes with their only Top 40 hit "Looking for a Love," which wouldn't be complete without Danny Klein's bass punching you in the gut.

All told, a set that moves from one end to the other like a burning locomotive—if it doesn't get you off, check with your doctor or plumber, something wrong down there.

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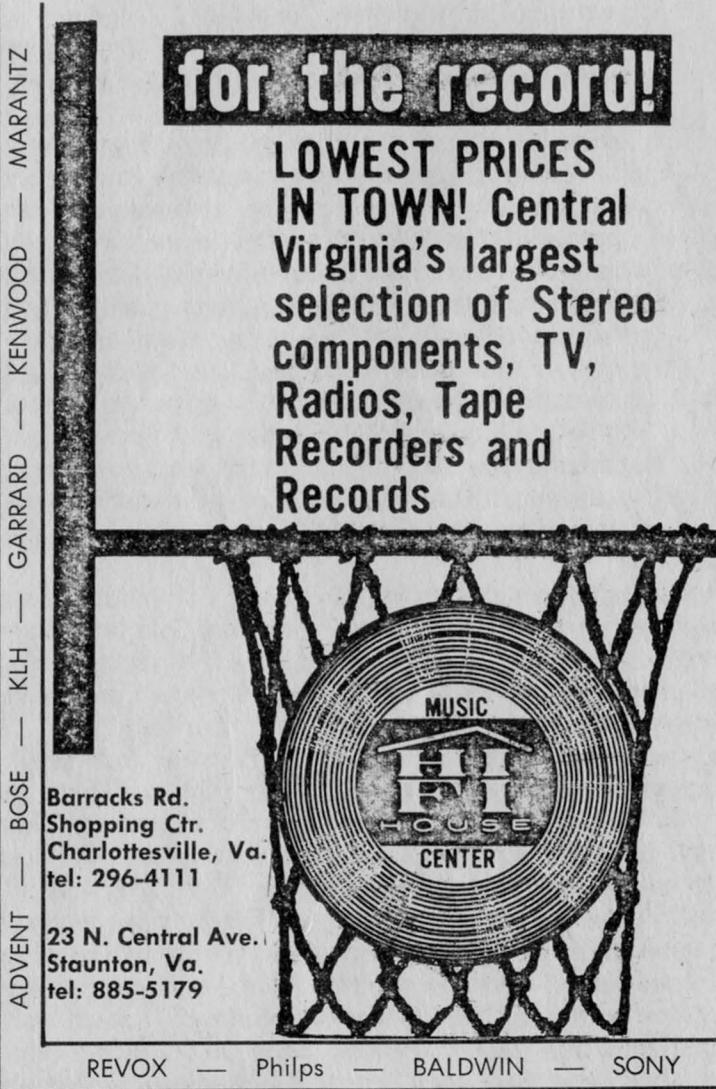
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